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masters who knew the true ends of art, and had reached them; masters nearly as great as they were themselves, but imbued with the old religious and earnest spirit, which, their disciples receiving from them, and drinking, at the same time, deeply from all the fountains of knowledge opened in their day, became the world's wonders. Then the dull, wondering world believed that their greatness rose out of their new knowledge, instead of out of that ancient religious root, in which to abide was life, from which to be severed was annihilation. And from that day to this, they have tried to produce Michael Angelos and Leonardos by teaching the barren sciences, and still have mourned and marvelled that no more Michael Angelos came; not perceiving that those great fathers were only able to receive such nourishment, because they were rooted on the rock of all ages, and that our scientific teaching now-a-days, is nothing more nor less than the assiduous watering of trees, whose stems are cut through. Nay, I have even granted too much in saying that those great men were able to receive pure nourishment from the sciences; for my own conviction is, and I know it to be shared by most of those who love Raphael truly—that he painted best when he knew less. Michael Angelo was betrayed again and again, into such vain and offensive exhibition of his anatomical knowledge as, to this day, renders his highest powers indiscernible by the greater part of men; and Leonardo fretted his life away in engineering, so that there is hardly a picture left to bear his name. But, with respect to all who followed, there can be no question that the science they possessed was utterly harmful; serving merely to draw away their hearts at once from the purposes of art, and the power of nature, and to make out of the canvas and marble nothing more than materials for the exhibition of pretty dexterity and useless knowledge.

It is sometimes amusing to watch the naive and childish way in which this vanity is shown. For instance, when perspective was first invented, the world thought it a mighty discovery, and the greatest men it had in it were as proud of knowing that retiring lines converge, as if all the wisdom of Solomon had been compressed into a vanishing point. And, accordingly, it became nearly impossible for any one to paint a Nativity, but he must turn the stable and manger into a Corinthian arcade, in order to show his knowledge of perspective; and half the best architecture of the time, instead of being adorned with historical sculpture, as of old, was set forth with bas-relief of minor corridors, and galleries, thrown into perspective.

Now that perspective can be taught to any schoolboy in a week, we can smile at this vanity. But the fact is, that all pride in knowledge is precisely as ridiculous, whatever its kind, or whatever its degree. There is, indeed, nothing of which man has any right to be proud; but the very last thing of which, with any shadow of reason, he can make his boast, is his knowledge; except only that infinitely small portion of it which he has discovered for himself. For what is there to be more proud of in receiving a piece of knowledge from another person, than in receiving a piece of money? Beggars should not be proud, whatever

kind of alms they receive. Knowledge is like current coin. A man may have some reason to be proud of possessing it, if he has worked for the gold of it, and assayed it, and stamped it, so that it may be received of all men as true; or earned it fairly, being already assayed: but if he has done none of these things, but only had it thrown in his face by a passer by, what cause has he to be proud? And though, in this mendicant fashion, he had heaped together the wealth of Croesus, would pride any more, for this, become him, as, in some sort, it becomes the man who has labored for his fortune, however small? So, if a man tells me the sun is larger than the earth, have I any cause for pride in knowing it? or, if any multitude of men tell me any number of things, heaping all their wealth of knowledge upon me, have I any reason to feel proud under the heap? And is not nearly all the knowledge of which we boast in these days cast upon us in this dishonorable way; worked for by other men, proved by them, and then forced upon us, even against our wills, and beaten into us in our youth, before we have the wit even to know if it be good or not? (Mark the distinction between knowledge and thought.) Truly a noble possession to be proud of! Be assured, there is no part of the furniture of a man's mind which he has a right to exult in, but that which he has hewn and fashioned for himself. He who has built himself a hut on a desert heath, and carved his bed, and table, and chair, out of the nearest forest, may have some right to take pride in the appliances of his narrow chamber, as assuredly he will have joy in them. But the man who has had a palace built, and adorned, and furnished for him, may, indeed, have many advantages above the other, but he has no reason to be proud of his upholsterer's skill; and it is ten to one if he has half the joy in his couches of ivory that the other will have in his pallet of pine.

And observe how we feel this, in the kind of respect we pay to such knowledge as we are indeed capable of estimating the value of. When it is our own, and new to us, we cannot judge of it; but let it be another's also, and long familiar to us, and see what value we set on it. Consider how we regard a school-boy, fresh from his term's labor. If he begins to display his newly acquired small knowledge to us, and plume himself thereupon, how soon do we silence him with contempt! But it is not so if the school-boy begins to feel or see anything. In the strivings of his soul within him he is our equal: in his power of sight and thought he stands separate from us, and may be greater than we. We are ready to hear him forthwith. "You saw that? you felt that? No matter for your being a child; let us hear."

Consider that every generation of men stands in this relation to its successors. It is as the school-boy: the knowledge of which it is proudest will be as the alphabet to those who follow. It had better make no noise about its knowledge; a time will come when its utmost, in that kind, will be food for scorn. Poor fools! was that all they knew? and behold how proud they were! But what we see and feel will never be mocked at. All men will be thankful to us for telling them that "Indeed," they will say, "they felt that in

their day! saw that! Would God we may be like them, before we go to the home where sight and thought are not!" This unhappy and childish pride in knowledge, then, was the first constituent element of the Renaissance mind, and it was enough, of itself, to have cast it into swift decline; but it was aided by another form of pride, which was alone called the Pride of State; and which we have next to examine.

CORREGGIO:

A Tragedy by

ADAM OEHLENSCHLÄGER.

Translated by Theodore Martin.

ACT THE THIRD.

(Continued.)

SCENE as before.

MICHAEL.

The man has talent, and I told him so.

JULIO.

Talent! A sorry phrase; an alms we use To fling to every beggar; is talent all You can discover in this master-piece?

MICHAEL.

The work has gross defects.

JULIO.

Defects it has, Because 'tis human. What has not defects? Think you that you have never failed—that you Are perfect? Is mere drawing, think you, all That makes a painter? What is it at best? An adjunct needful to a higher end, But still an adjunct merely. Simple outlines Are never found in nature; they but serve To mark the space where body terminates. Body itself, and colouring, and life, With light and shade,—painting consists in these. To blend with beauty thought, expression—this Is genius, and are these wanting here?

MICHAEL.

The picture has no grandeur, none, of style.

JULIO.

What do you mean by grandeur? For myself I call deep truth; and high-toned beauty, grand. Your works have shown us that corporeal grandeur

With spiritual grandeur may combine.

But grand conceptions do not need expanse Of space or body, to deserve the name. In all your works a daring high sublime, Powers of vast scope, and noble purpose breathe. Yet man is man, and ne'er will be a god. As man, befits him bear a child-like heart And lowly spirit; and I will confess, Though 'tis most certain that your bold large style,

Pernance some natural inclination also,— Have driven me, Julio, too, the lesser planet, Out of my gentle Raphaelitish course, Some little towards the violent and severe, Yet a good genial heart, which seeks expression In art's pure forms, is, and will always be, What most in art, even as in life, I prize; And where I recognize its presence, there The angel of the conscience is revealed, and points With lily stem the pathway to my home.

MICHAEL.

So feel not I!

JULIO.

Your feelings take a range Of vaster circuit. Yet the softer feelings

Come o'er you oftener than even you believe.
 See your Madonna in St. Peter's, how
 She sits the type of tenderness divine,
 Stone though she be, her dead Son in her lap!
 With human-hearted deep humility
 Your Adam of the Sistine Chapel takes
 Life and his soul from the Almighty's hand.
 By heaven, there's nothing in man's heart or
 brain,
 But hath at some time throbb'd and wrought in
 yours.
 Your manner's hard; yet is your ruggedness
 Only a noble, and time-hallowed rust,
 And under it the solid metal shines.
 Forgive me, if my words, as is most like,
 Have given you umbrage; well I feel that all
 Which I have said, you better know yourself.
 I only spoke, the sooner to dispel
 The tempest here; and sooner to relieve
 This poor man of his trouble; for your words
 Have quite bereft him of his cheerfulness
 And self-possess; and your words alone
 Have power to give them back to him again.

MICHAEL.

Hm!

BATTISTA (*entering*).

The carriage is quite ready, sirs! I wait
 But your command to put the horses to.

MICHAEL.

My Julio, will you see to this? I have
 A word to speak with this same worthy man.

JULIO.

Oh, certainly! [*Exit.*]

MICHAEL.

What was it that you said
 About me to this painter—eh—to-day?

BATTISTA.

I say of you! What does your honor mean?

MICHAEL.

Your worship said I was a dyer, eh?
 A coarse-tongued, haughty, self-conceited fellow?

BATTISTA.

Sir, may eternal justice punish me
 From now till doomsday, if I —

MICHAEL.

Hold your peace!

Eternal justice gives itself but small
 Concern about such rascals as yourself;
 Best have a care that temporal justice, sir,
 Overtake you not! Birds for the gallows ripe
 Are sure to be tuck'd up. Canst construe that?

BATTISTA.

Your honour is —

MICHAEL.

A dyer, coarse in grain!

(*takes a whip from the table.*)

Well, for coarse colours we coarse brushes use.
 What would you say, now, should I paint your
 shoulders
 All over crimson, friend, or say, dark blue?

BATTISTA.

God be my stay!

MICHAEL.

Then he'll have work to do.

Your wretched soul, your base and sordid nature,
 These are your stay! I will not soil my fingers.
 Yet were it best you rid me of your presence,
 And quickly too for this divining rod,
 Here in my hand, hath an amazing sting,
 And would be charmed to come upon the trace
 Of hidden fountains on your lusty shoulders.

BATTISTA.

Great sir, 'tis all mistake, — it is, indeed!

MICHAEL.

No doubt, but get be gone, sir! How! The
 knave

Has chafed me! Ha! now I can com:rehend
 How 'twas the painter here, unhappy devil—
 (*sits down before the picture.*)

A work like this is not read at a glance.
 No matter what they show me in the whirl
 And turmoil of my rage—my blood boils up
 Before my eyes as well as in mine ears.
 Then your didactic prating nettles me.
 What I should think, I can myself find out;
 And Julio—he—as though I could not, I—
 Well, well,—he felt this, though, himself! By
 Jove,
 The picture's finely handled! This is painting!
 And how poetical,—trees, landscape, flowers!
 What lovely drapery! This reflected light!
 The woman's charming, yes, by heaven, she is!
 The John, too, exquisite, the little Christ
 Sublimely fair. Per Baccio, this is colour!
 And I,—although the Pope would make me
 paint,
 Although I chased the scurvy Florentines,
 Like those that vend'd doves, from out the
 temple,
 And climbed myself into the scaffolding,
 And worked some half-year in such surly mood,
 That I had all but killed his Holiness,
 By flinging down a pail, because he came
 Prying so early to my studio,—
 I am no painter, no, not I,—I know it.
 I am a sculptor. What of sculpture's art
 In painting can be used, why, that is mine!
 In drawing and design, I stand alone,
 But as for dipping in the paint-pot, zounds!
 I understand it not, that's very clear,
 And this man does, and that most thoroughly.

*Enter GIOVANNI from the house; seeing a
 stranger, he stops.*
 MICHAEL.
 Come hither, little one! (*Giovanni advances.*)
 A handsome child!
 He is not downcast at the sight of strangers!
 No shyness here! Come hither, little fellow!
 (*Giovanni goes up to him.*)
 How now? Yes, surely, this is the Giovanni
 Of yonder picture.

GIOVANNI.

Yes, I am Giovanni;

My father painted me.

MICHAEL.

So, so! Thou art

A son, then, of Antonio's?

GIOVANNI.

Is also there.

MICHAEL.

Where?

There she sits!

GIOVANNI.

There is the little Jesus child; but him

We have not in our home.

MICHAEL.

No? Where is he?

GIOVANNI (*pointing upwards*).

Up yonder! He is yonder in the sky.

MICHAEL.

Up yonder?

GIOVANNI.

There is the little Jesus child; but him

We have not in our home.

MICHAEL.

No? Where is he?

GIOVANNI (*pointing upwards*).

Up yonder! He is yonder in the sky.

MICHAEL.

Up yonder?

GIOVANNI.

Yes, he sits there in the clouds,

With other little angel-boys.

MICHAEL.

Indeed!

And what do they do there!

GIOVANNI.

They play together.

MICHAEL (*kisses him*).

Dear child! Come, sit down here upon my knee.
 Here, on my lap!

GIOVANNI.

You are my pony. Now I'll ride upon your knee.
 To Parma. Now I'll ride away

MICHAEL.

My little friend, for you've no stirrups. Eh?

GIOVANNI.

No more I have. The cutler's making them.

MICHAEL.

So, so?

GIOVANNI (*riding*).

Sa, sa! Hup, hup, hup! Get along!
 The pony must trot on, and never stop.

MICHAEL.

Good, good! Have we not come to Parma yet?

GIOVANNI.

Not yet! Not yet! But we are half way there.

MICHAEL.

Now we dismount, and enter the hotel
 To get refreshment.

GIOVANNI.

Yes, to get refreshment.

(*MICHAEL feels in his pockets.*)

What have you in your pocket?

MICHAEL.

Wait a bit!

(*Aside*) These comfits were for Master Martin's
 children;
 But they must wait. Besides, in Modena,
 I can buy something else for them. (*Takes out
 a comfit.*)

Look here!

Do you like sugar-plums, my little friend?

GIOVANNI (*snatching at them*).

Oh, I'm so fond of sugar-plums!

MICHAEL.

Stay, stay!

But may you eat them?

GIOVANNI.

Oh yes, that I may!

MICHAEL.

There, then! (*Giovanni begins to eat.*)
 But you must eat them in my lap!

GIOVANNI (*getting away from him*).

No, I must eat in the hotel, I must;
 Whilst my horse rests.

MICHAEL.

And chews a little oats;

Shall I not have some oats?

GIOVANNI.

Come, pony, come,

Here are some oats for you!

(*puts a comfit into MICHAEL'S mouth.*)MICHAEL (*seizes him*).

You little rogue!

Call me a pony? Well, 'tis God's chastise-

ment.
 I called thy father bungler, so I did,
 And by the eternal Muses on Olympus,
 He is as little that, as I a pony!

[*Enter MARIA.*]

GIOVANNI.

Here comes my mother!

MICHAEL.

That thy mother, boy?

A lovely woman, very like the Mary.
 (*Places the boy on the ground, and rises.*)

